

The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus,

with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars of the Goths,
with the ravishment of his daughter Lavinia by the Empresse's two sons,
through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the sword of Titus
in the wars with his revenge upon them for their cruelty
an in humane act.

To the tune of Fortune my Foë.



You noble minds and famous martial wights
That in defence of Native Country fight:
Give ear to me that ten years sought for Rome,
Yet reap disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I liv'd in fame full threescore years,
My name beloved was of all my Peers:
And five and twenty valiant sons I had,
Whose forward virtues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces felt,
Against them still my sons and I were sent:
Against the Goths full ten years weary war
We spent, receiving many a bloody scar.

Just two and twenty of my sons were slain,
Before I did return to Rome again:
Of five and twenty so is I brought but three,
Alas the lately Towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring
And did present my prisoners to the King:
The queen of Goths her sons and she a Moor,
Who did such murders like was none before.

The Emperor did make the Queen his wife,
Which drew in Rome debate and deadly strife:
The Moor with her two sons did grow so proud,
That none like them in Rome was then allowed.

The Moor so pleas'd the now made Empress's eye
That she consented with him secretly:
For to abuse her husband's marriage bed,
And so in time a Blackmoore she bred.

When the whole thoughts to murder was incited
Consented with the Moor with bloody mind:
Against my self my kind and all my friends,
In cruel sort to bring them to their ends.

So when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both woe and grief began then to increase:
Amongst my Sons I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleas'd best my aged sight.

My Lavinia was betwixt them then
To Cesar's son, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the Emperours wife,
And her two sons bereaved was of life.

He being slain was cast in cruel hole,
Into a darksome den from light of skies,
The cruel Moor did come that way as then,
With my three sons, who fell into that den.

The Moor then fetcht the Emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed:
And when my sons within the den were seerd,
In wondrous full prison they were seerd and heard.

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The Moor then fetcht the Emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed:
And when my sons within the den were found,
In wondrous full prison they were set and bound.



BUt now behold that wounded most my mind
The Emperour two sons of Tygers kind:
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour quite perforce.
When they had tasted of so sweet a flower,
Feeling so sweet should quickly turn to sowre:
They cut her tongue, whereby she could not tell,
How that dishonour unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cut off quite,
Whereby their wickedness she could not write:
For with needle on her sampler sate,
The bloody workers of her dismal fate.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Stinking the fragrant ground with purple blood:
That trickled from her stumps & handleless arms,
No tongue at all she had to tell her harms.

But when I saw her in that woeful case,
With tears of blood I wet my aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more,
Then for my two and twenty sons before.

When as I saw she could not writ nor speak,
My aged heart began to break:
We tyed a heap of sand upon the ground,
Whereby these bloody tyrants we outfound.

For with a staffe without the help of hand,
She writ these words upon a plot of sand:
The lustful sons of the proud Emperesse,
Are owners of this hateful wickednesse.

I toze the milk white hairs from off my head,
I curst the hour wherein I first was bred:
I writ the hand that sought for Countries fame
In crable rocke has first been stricken lame.

The Poet delighting still in vsilany,
Did say to let my sons from prison free:
I went vnto the King my right hand gave,
And then my three imprisoned sons should live.

The Poet I caus'd to strike it off with speed;
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed:
But for my sons would willingly impart,
And so their ransom send my bleeding heart.
But as my life did linger then in vain,
They sent to me my battlesse hand again:
And therewithall the heads of my three sons,
Which did my dying heart with fresher groans.

Then past myself I up and down did go,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe,
I shot my arrow towards heaven high,
And for revenge to hell did sometimes cry.

The Emperesse thinking then that I was mad,
Like Furies she and both her sons were glad:
So nam'd revenge, and rap and murder they,
To undermine and know what I would say.

I led their smith bring a little space,
Until my friends and I did find a space:
Where both her sons unto a post were borne,
Where just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throats my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumps, wherein the blood did ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pies straight therewithall.

Then with their flesh I made two mighty pies,
And at a banquet serv'd in safely wise:
Before the Emperesse set this loathsome meat,
So of her sons own flesh she well did eat.

My self I eat of my daughter then of life,
The Emperesse then I slew with bloody knife:
And thus the Emperour himselfe blately,
And then my self, and so did I thus dye.
Then this revenge against the Poet was found,
Alive they set him hall into the ground:
Whereas he lived until such time he should die.
And so God find all misdoers may be served.



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a multi-column layout of printed text.]

